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MELBA, the Peerless Soprano, who will be Heard
in Concert in the Temple Auditorium,
Tuesday, February 14th-

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MAY 4 1960

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GRAPHIC

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Matters of Moment

The Revivalists

No citizen of Los Angeles can be ignorant that a great religious "revival" is in progress "in our midst." The newspapers teem with reports of the exhortations of the missionaries; the churches have acquired an everyday instead of a once a week interest, and the revival meetings are attracting larger audiences than all the secular attractions of the city.

However callous the mind may be to things spiritual, however immersed the man may be in the vortex of business, it is impossible that he should be unconscious of the great wave of religious emotion which is sweeping over the city at the present time.

It is not our purpose to discuss the efficacy or the permanence of sudden "conversions;" it is enough that innumerable men and women have testified with convincing sincerity to the value of the ministrations of these modern evangelists. Some minds cannot grasp the belief that it is the purpose of an Omnipotent Creator to interpose in the natural law of the spiritual world by manifesting His power in the sudden reformation of character under intense emotion or sudden excitement. Many theologians and earnest students of the gospels cannot interpret any of Christ's teachings as admitting sudden conversions. It is maintained that if a man has turned his back on the truth all his life, it is contrary to natural laws—the divine ordinance—that he should suddenly be true. The Kingdom of Heaven was likened by Christ to a grain of mustard seed, and true life was only to be attained by gradual growth.

But it seems to us supererogation to criticize or even analyze any human process on which revivalists are supposed to depend, for they freely admit that the process is not human but a divine manifestation, averring that they are but the humblest agencies of God's power and that a modern conversion is just as miraculous as that of St. Paul recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.

Human minds differ extraordinarily in their methods of approaching or realizing religious conviction. To some men true religion must be entirely a matter of reason, an exercise of the intellect, and to them the more independent of the emotions the

more imperative is religion,—the performance of their duties of love and obedience towards God. But it would be rash and, we think, a blind authority that would deny the possibility of the light reaching others by channels which are closed to himself.

The band of earnest evangelists who are now engaged in storming Satan's strongholds in Los Angeles came here from Denver where they claim 5,000 conversions resulted from God's blessing of their ministrations and they are confident that even more glorious results may be won here. There can be no doubt even among those who are mentally averse to the emotionalism that characterizes the work of the revivalist that the light is thus brought to many who have sat in darkness; that thousands of despairing souls are thus led to hope.

Give Hammel a Hand

Such an incident as occurred in a downtown cafe one evening last week is a sorry advertisement for Los Angeles. It is an alarming revelation that men and women cannot enjoy an after theater supper in a restaurant near the city's center without the possibility of an exciting and peace-destroying intrusion of bandits who rifle the pockets of both host and guest without discrimination.

That such an incident should be possible, amazing as it is for impudence, suggests that the criminals have not as deep a respect for the ubiquity and efficiency of Los Angeles' police as would be wholesome. The difficulty, indeed the impossibility, of patrolling a city of such magnificent distances with any degree of surety is acknowledged, but, most assuredly, the heart of the city should be immune from such experiences as the raid of the Beaumont cafe.

Los Angeles is now happily in possession of a chief of police in whom the public have great confidence. Chief Hammel's coolness in action, keenness of intelligence and power of organization are generally recognized, and taxpayers are anxious that he should be given a free hand in preserving order and assuring themselves and their property a fair measure of security. Therefore, if Chief Hammel, who is paid to study and to grasp the situation, makes certain demands upon the city's treasury—and they are at all reasonable—they should be granted ungrudgingly. The chief believes that a rapid automobile would be an invaluable equipment to the department, adding greatly to its efficiency in the speedy capture of criminals and the consequent prevention of crime. The reasons of Chief Hammel's request are obvious enough, and it is to be hoped that he will have his automobile without any delay.

It is childish to consider an automobile for the chief of police an extravagance. If a brigade of automobiles were needed by the police to put a stop to the alarming assaults of footpads and the operations of highwaymen, their purchase would be an expedient and profitable investment. In the past, Los Angeles has suffered severely from the prevalence of crime during the winter. It will be distinct economy to indulge in any reasonable expense in a determined effort to prevent any repetition of such "carnivals of crime" as the daily press has "played up" in the past. Instead of being an invit-

ing winter resort for the criminal classes, a fruitful and comparatively serene field for their operations, Los Angeles should become a tower of terror to the evil doer. To realize such enviable reputation, the police department must be strengthened in every direction and Chief Hammel must be given the earnest support, financial, physical and moral, of all taxpayers whose property and lives he is paid to guard.

The President's Plain Words.

In a speech at the anniversary banquet of the Union League of Philadelphia last Monday evening the President gave the nation fresh reason for confidence that he has tackled the inter-state corporation problem with a vigor and determination that will not be satisfied with anything but radical reform. Mr. Roosevelt was not addressing a particularly sympathetic audience; he was introduced by one of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's partners, and among his auditors were representatives of large corporation and railroad interests. But such an occasion presented no obstacles for the President's candor; on the contrary, it seemed to be rather an incentive for him to make his attitude concerning Federal control unmistakably plain, and he exhorted his audience that "such men as the members of this club should lead in the effort to secure proper supervision and regulation of corporate activity by the Government." It would be to their personal interest to do so, since "neither these people, nor any other free people, will permanently tolerate the use of the vast power conferred by vast wealth, and especially by wealth in its corporate form." Mr. Roosevelt struck an even more definite note of warning when he said: "There must be no hurry, but there also must be no halt, and those who are anxious that there should be no sudden and violent changes must remember that precisely these sudden and violent changes must be rendered likely if we refuse to make the needed changes in cautious and moderate manner." That, surely, was sufficiently plain speaking, calculated to arouse at least some anxiety in the minds of trust magnates, who have been banking on the stolid patience of the public, on extraordinary exemptions from the law, and special privileges from the Government.

In unmistakable terms the President reaffirms his conviction that potent remedies are imperative. "At the present moment," he said, "the greatest need is for an increase in the power of the National Government to **keep the great highways of commerce open alike to all on reasonable and equitable terms.**" While content to leave the details with the lawmakers of the two houses of Congress, "about the principle there can be no doubt."

"There must be lodged in some tribunal the power over rates, and especially over rebates—whether secured by means of private cars, of private tracks, in the form of damages, or concessions, or in any other manner—which will protect alike the railroad and the shipper and **put the big shipper and the little shipper on an equal footing.**"

Such words ring true and firm; they are characteristic of Rooseveltian sincerity and vigor, the very qualities that have inspired the nation with confidence in Roosevelt, and they reflect, we believe, most faithfully the conviction in the minds of the people

that unless a Republican administration under so strong and able a leader is able to remedy the evils of inter-state corporations, to put an end to the system of special privilege to the few, the country must consider policies more radical and more drastic. It is almost certain that unless the present administration succeeds in correcting the injustices and abuses by adequate measures of Federal control, the demand for Government ownership of inter-state railroads will be the issue on which the next national campaign is fought.

A Blow for the Beef Trust.

"In the free republic of the United States is a power greater than the Government, greater than the courts or judges, greater than legislatures, superior to and independent of all authority of state or nation."

Such is the startling introduction to the first article of a series on the Beef Trust by Charles Edward Russell in "Everybody's Magazine." Mr. Russell, in an article hardly less sensational than Tom Lawson's outgivings on "Frenzied Finance," and distinguished in comparison by more definite information, maintains that the Beef Trust "controls or influences the prices of one-half the food consumed by the nation"; that it is "something that affects a thousand lives where the Standard Oil Company affects one." Mr. Russell estimates that in this year of grace the railroads of this country will pay to the American Beef Trust \$25,000,000 in the rebates that are prohibited by law.

Nearly two years ago in the federal court at Chicago, Judge Grosseup handed down a decision declaring the operations of the Trust to be illegal and criminal, and perpetually enjoining it from doing certain specific things. "It has continued," says Mr. Russell, "to do those things six days in every week since, and the injunction has peacefully slumbered." Furthermore, the Elkins bill removed its refrigerator car traffic from the law of common carriers, "and in the opinion of its lawyers it can now snap its fingers at the Inter-State Commerce Commission, or at any other authority."

The opinion of the Trust's lawyers may be subject to some revision since the decision of the United States Supreme Court, handed down by Justice Holmes this week. That decision, as reviewed by Attorney-General Moody, establishes four points against the Beef Trust: (1) That the traffic in live stock transported from the state of its origin to another state for sale is inter-state commerce; (2) That the combination between independent dealers to suppress all competition in the purchase of live stock is illegal restraint of trade; (3) That combination for the purpose of fixing and maintaining uniform prices in the sale of meat throughout the country is unlawful restraint of trade; (4) that combination to obtain preferential rates is similarly condemned. "The decision," concludes Attorney-General Moody, "makes it clear that all combinations between independent individuals, partnerships, or corporations engaged in inter-state commerce by which competition between them or such commerce is suppressed, fall under the prohibition of the so-called anti-trust act."

Under ordinary circumstances one might believe that the Supreme Court had dealt the Beef Trust

a solar plexus blow, but the difficulty hitherto and still is not so much the interpretation of the law as its enforcement. What effect will the ruling of the highest court of the land actually have upon the operations of J. Ogden Armour, who, according to Mr. Russell, "is probably the ablest, certainly the most daring manipulator among all the captains of finance, and who is now steering the Trust straight toward world-wide dominion?" The Supreme Court's blow seems direct and severe. Will it penetrate the Beef Trust's armor?

Russia's Dawn of Hope.

A remarkable Russian woman, Katherine Bereshkovska, is lecturing in the East on the present internal condition of her Fatherland and the revolutionary movement. She is known by her fellow-workers as "Babushka"—little grandmother; is sixty-one years of age, of which twenty-three years were spent in Siberia, and is now one of four hundred thousand patriots working for revolution. In an article which she contributes to the "Independent," Madame Bereshkovska speaks of the hopeful signs of the future in Russia, and says: "Our great hopes are coming true. Twenty years passed and Russia is unrecognizable. Her entire complexion is changed. The blood shed by her best children, drop by drop, entered the veins of the Russian people, inciting them to a struggle for their rights. In Siberia, one can see the nucleus of educated men and women surrounded by hundreds, thousands of people, laborers and peasants, of all nationalities within the boundaries of the empire. * * * In spite of the Autocrat's rule, the Russians have the opportunity, thanks to the proximity of European nations, to study, to observe, to compare their conditions with those of Europe. High was the price paid by Russia for her awakening and development. Now we Russians proudly and rejoicingly take the hand of the cultured and free, and solemnly guarantee our ability to fill an honorable place among civilized nations. The hour has struck. The thick cloud of gloom dispersed and Russia beheld the light. Through the whizz of bullets slaying our brothers in the far East, through the haze of the Orthodox incense burned before the Orthodox ikons, the people hear the call to progress and note the stages to be passed on the way to honor and freedom."

A Municipal Theatre.

At a meeting of the Municipal League of New York, held last month at Cooper Union under the auspices of the People's Institute, Charles Sprague Smith told of the experiments which are being made for a municipal theater. He said: "The first steps along this line will be a public recital for the benefit of the school children and the people. There is a demand for educational plays of the highest kind in this city, and to supply it our next step will be to secure a theater and a company of players, which we hope now to do."

"I understand," began the large, scrappy-looking ward politician, "dat youse had a piece in your paper callin' me a thief." "You have been misinformed, sir," said the editor, calmly; "this paper publishes only news."—Cleveland Leader.

By The Way

Holding Up the Amendments.

Two years ago the city charter amendments passed by the Legislature, on the 22d of January, which was the earliest date by which a measure could be put through both houses in the regular routine. It is now ten days beyond that date and there is no sign of the amendments coming through. They have been referred to committee and will there remain buried until someone makes a business of dragging them out to light. Two years ago an effort was made to hang up the amendments, but the uproar raised by the newspapers drove the Los Angeles members to a show of activity. The cause of the stoppage two years ago was discovered to lie in the desire of certain Republican politicians to influence the Mayor's appointments. Snyder declared then that he would not, and did not, yield, and certainly the man in whose behalf the direct demand was made, George Walker, was not placed on the Police Commission, nor anywhere else among Snyder's commissions. The hold-up this time is on similar, but rather more justifiable grounds—if any excuse at all can be offered for a deliberate violation of the people's will. The powers that rule the Legislature, to-wit Walter Parker and his "organization," profess to believe that it is Mayor McAleer's purpose to place on the Board of Public Works Bowen, Nofziger, Werdin, or someone of that ilk. They have nothing to base this belief upon except that Mr. McAleer's commissions contain a good deal of material that can be accounted for only on the theory that the Mayor has been listening to the siren of the Times, and if that paper had its way the Bowen-Nofziger-Werdin-Ellis crowd might take over the entire city government and run it exactly as they pleased, provided only that the Times obtained the printing contract next year. The **Graphic** is not inclined to accept any theory of the situation as reasonable that rests on a supposed lapse into idiocy on the part of McAleer. For him to deliver himself into the hands of a newspaper that is so notoriously unable to make good either on the protection of its friends (see Davenport, Bard, Werdin, Butler, Skilling, et al.) or the downing of its opponents (see Flint, McLachlan, Perkins and others) would indicate a softening of the brain that is not characteristic of a Scotchman and a boiler-maker. Plainly the wise thing for McAleer to do under the circumstances is to inform some of his best friends that he has no intention—as is undoubtedly the fact—of appointing any of the ex-Bowen-Werdin crowd to the Board of Public Works. Men do not, however, always do the wise thing, and it may be that some over-strained notion of dignity in office may prompt Mr. McAleer to refuse to speak. It will then come to a straight-out issue between the people of Los Angeles and the Legislature. Does that body desire to go on record as refusing to allow the people of this city the right, uniformly heretofore granted to the people of every city in the State, to make their own laws? A most unfortunate precedent would be established, and one that would return to plague eternally those most responsible. If it be true that Walter Parker and the Southern Pacific Company dictate such a policy to the Legis-

lature, it is something for the people of this city and of all other California cities to remember. It opens the door to a new and atrocious abuse of power of the political workers over the people.

Dr. Houghton's Misadventures.

I have not yet seen reason to change my estimate of Dr. Houghton of the Sixth Ward as a man who possesses a whole lot of brains that he does not know how to use, a man with honest sincerity of purpose which he eternally steers in the wrong direction. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true. He might be a valuable man in the council, but he is in a fair way to become quite useless—to himself, his constituency and the people at large. When he does the right thing he does it in the wrong way, and by eternally warring with his colleagues over trifles, impeding business with absurd objections, striving to upset recognized and necessary forms of procedure, he puts himself in a position where his good efforts—and they frequently are good—are entirely thrown away. If he were thick-headed or dishonest, this result would not be worth regretting, but being the man he is, the loss to the community is the greater.

Fond Young Mother (with first born)—Now which of us do you think he is like?

Young College Man (trying to say the right thing)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you!

Spoils in Sacramento.

Scarcely had California finished congratulating herself that a United States Senator had been elected without a shadow of scandal, and that Col. Mazuma was no longer an inevitable figure at the state capital, than the peace of the Legislature is rudely disturbed by the accusations of William Corbin, secretary and manager of the Continental Building and Loan Association of San Francisco. Mr. Corbin has accused four Senators, Bunkers and French of San Francisco, Wright of San Jose, and Simmons of Bakersfield, of "blackmailing certain corporations and collecting tribute from the same." Each Senator has made indignant denial, but Corbin's charges are specific. The Senate promptly appointed a committee, headed by Belshaw of Contra Costa, a man of sterling character, who commands the confidence both of his colleagues and the public, and the charges are being thoroughly investigated. The primary cause of what promises to be a disgraceful chapter in the history of the Legislature seems to have been a miserable quarrel in Democratic politics, which was generated by the rival ambitions of party leaders. Dr. Washington Dodge, assessor of San Francisco and president of the Continental Loan Association, and Dent H. Robert, managing editor of the San Francisco Examiner, were the principal figures in the quarrel and promise to be the principal figures in the investigation. W. R. Hearst's vendetta against Gavin McNab, who led the anti-Hearst forces in last year's campaign, is believed to have prompted the Examiner's animosity to the Continental Loan Association and to be at the root of the present scandal.

Humiliating.

It is difficult to believe that such a capable, successful legislative correspondent as Joe Jordan can

be guilty of boodling as is charged. Joe was making \$70 a week and had the absolute confidence of Tom Garrett, his employer on the Post. Yet according to the reports he mixes in an attack on Garrett's friends, Gavin McNab and Washington Dodge, and handles the money with which to pay the accused Senators. All of this is humiliating to the newspaper craft, which had reason to be proud of its representatives in Sacramento. Garrett, of course, at once dismissed Jordan pending investigation of his case.

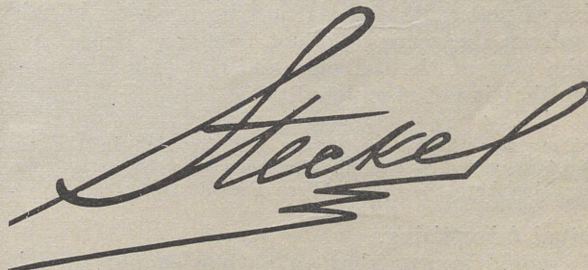
Ben, His Prophet.

I am in receipt of a letter from Ben Cohn, Walter Parker's secretary in Sacramento. Ben says that it is all a mistake about Al Searl being promised the place of secretary to Senator Flint, for he intends to have that position himself. He also informs me that Eddie Morris's application for membership in the "organization" has been placed on file. "After McAleer is read out of the party he may have a show," writes Ben. "Just now we are turning 'em away." Ben is the man who managed the Flint reception at the Golden Eagle the night of his election. He did it well. Frank has since said that he had no idea there was so much champagne in the entire State as appeared that evening. There is but one Boss, and Ben is his prophet.

The Case of Diss.

Not having been a grand jury man in Riverside county I have no means of knowing what evidence was presented to that august body to warrant the indictment of Colonel J. W. F. Diss in conjunction with "Tom" Hays. I am told that his indictment was something of a surprise to those somewhat familiar with the inside of the Salt Lake company's affairs. With the "horrible example" before me, in which two great publishers were fined \$500 each for getting gay with a grand jury, I think that discretion is the better part of valor. I have no desire to contribute to the resources of Riverside county and I will refrain from discussing a subject which no one outside of the Riverside grand jury is supposed to know. But I do want to say one word for Diss. I have known him since he was a slenderly built youth and conducted the social department of the San Francisco Examiner sixteen or eighteen

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years ago. It will require the most positive sort of evidence to convince me that J. W. F. Diss ever knowingly took a dollar not his own or that he did not come by honestly. Diss has travelled with a lively set of fellows; the Richelieu saloon coterie never moved slowly in its hey-day. But he has accepted the loss of his position with the Salt Lake like a man and has settled down to business and to live down any unkind remarks that have been spoken about him by reason of his connection with the Right of Way Department of the Salt Lake. In all this mess over the transactions of Hays, the true inwardness has yet to appear, and I am not one to judge Diss harshly.

Judge Noyes's Zeal.

It took the Riverside grand jury nearly a year to indict Tom Hays and Colonel Diss. Why it should require a grand jury to effect this when all that J. Ross Clark or Tom Gibbon had to do was to swear to a complaint is one of those things not made clear. As a result of trop de zele on the part of Judge Noyes I am told by keen legal talent that the indictments are not worth the paper and ink used to draw them; grand jury indictments rarely are effective; I recall but one or two in Southern California out of many hundreds that ever procured a conviction. Judge Noyes, in order to have a searching investigation without the possible suspicion of sympathy for the accused on his part, went to an extreme in selecting the jury, seeing to it that out of the nineteen members seventeen were personal and political enemies of Tom and Diss. This fact, avowed by the Judge and known to all Riverside, may make the indictments inoperative.

Hays's First Fault.

Whatever the guilt or innocence of Tom Hays, his predicament would be far less trying if he had surrendered to General Otis at the time of the last campaign of Henry T. Gage. Riverside County was about evenly divided between Flint and Gage, and I have it on the best of authority that General Otis at that time offered Tom his support and aid in maintaining his political position as boss, if he would turn the Gage votes over to Tom Flint. If he did not, Tom was to be, like some others who have offended, driven out of the country. Tom stuck to Gage and from that time Otis trained his batteries on him, though in the end Tom was hoist by his own petard.

Swish of Petticoats.

By the way, in these Salt Lake Railway cases a swish of petticoats and a frou-frou of skirts is liable to enliven the scene, and not from any closed door of the past of the defendants. But this is another story that is not completed yet.

"They say there's no chance for the rich in the next world." "That's probably the reason they're getting most everything here!"—Detroit Free Press.

Mutual Advertising.

It would appear that an author cannot turn his mind toward the most lucrative form of modern letters—playwriting, without announcement being made of his engagement to the actress for whom he is trying to write a play. There is no more popular form of diversion among the makers of modern

"yellow" journals than the bandying of the names of well known people, especially romancewards. It is a "human interest" trick, and the newsmongers do not bother themselves about anything except the most superficial evidence. In the interest of "stars" of the theater, the versatile and industrious press agent is always on the watch for an opportunity to assist the newsmongers. Last Saturday's "Examiner" informed us in rather speculative terms that Jack London, the powerful young author, and Blanche Bates, the admirable actress, had become engaged to each other. This interesting, if true, announcement seems to have been based on the fact that Jack London is writing a play and that he is therefore studying the technique of the theatre. In pursuance of his studies Mr. London attended three consecutive performances of "The Darling of the Gods" in Oakland, and because he does not wear the conventional evening dress his appearance attracted considerable attention. As further evidence of Mr. London's matrimonial intention towards Miss Bates it is stated that the author entertained her at dinner the other night. Only a week before, San Francisco journals were describing a magnificent Japanese breakfast that Richard Hotaling, one of the Bohemian club's richest and brightest lights, had given in honor of the actress, and most of the guests and all the readers of the aforesaid San Francisco journals were grievously disappointed that the expected announcement of the approaching Hotaling-Bates nuptials was not made. The newspapers are apparently determined that Blanche Bates should be married to somebody, however determined the actress herself may be to preserve her independence. Miss Bates's hand and heart have been won a number of times on paper since she and her army husband agreed to disagree some ten years ago, but she is quite insistent in assuring her friends and the long line of men who have cast their fortunes at her feet that she will never again embark on the stormy seas of matrimony. In the meantime both Miss Bates and Mr. London have received a handsome free advertisement. A play by Jack London for Blanche Bates should be an interesting product, but how much of Jack London would be left by the time David Belasco had prepared London's manuscript for the stage is chimerical. However, London has assured the public that he doesn't care what publishers do with his work as long as they pay for it.

Sunset Club's Elect.

The three fortunate candidates to pass successfully the ordeal of the Sunset Club's ballot last Friday evening were John T. Gaffey, the San Pedro savant; Robert H. Ingram, superintendent of the Southern Pacific railway and Judge Curtis Dwight Wilbur of the Superior Court. As I told you last week, there were eleven other candidates, most of them eminently fitted for seats at the Sunsetters' board. But the limited membership of seventy is rigidly adhered to, and eleven disappointments were inevitable. The keen interest taken by the members in the election was evidenced by the fact that fifty-six of the sixty-seven members were present and almost all the others voted by proxy. Before another year rolls around the Sunsetters will probably devise some plan for ameliorating the conditions of election. No man's name should be sub-

mitted to the ordeal of the ballot unless he is assured of a fair amount of support from the members, and the suggestion that no candidate should be considered unless his application is endorsed by at least ten members finds general favor. Of course, this is a private matter with the Sunset Club, but it has a public interest in that the discussion of the best methods of election to similar organizations may be of general value. It is obvious that in a club of limited membership it is essential that any personality which would not be congenial to even a small minority should be excluded, and for this reason a rule that admits of the somewhat caustic system of blackballing is expedient. The difficulty of selecting the few from a number of eligible candidates is considerably greater. The Sunset Club, some years ago, tried the system which obtains in most large clubs of relegating the election of new members to a special committee, but it was not found satisfactory by the majority. The club's new president is Mayor H. Z. Osborne, United States marshal and formerly editor of the Express. The major has a rich fund of quiet, droll humor and should make a capital presiding officer, filling the chair with the distinction of his predecessors, among whom have been Judge Enoch Knight, Charles Dwight Willard, Major H. T. Lee, J. S. Slauson, John M. Elliott, J. J. Byrne and George H. Stewart.

Business: "How much have you got, Billy?" "Fourpence." "I've got twopence. Let's put it together and go halves!"—Punch.

Architecture and Education.

The Sunset Club discussed last week the subject of "Architectural Embellishment as a Factor in Public Education." The symposium was led by two members who have themselves made a mark in the profession of "chief-builders," Theo. A. Eisen and Sumner P. Hunt. The former, who has designed and built some of the most important structures in Los Angeles, Christ Church being his last notable effort, gave an able dissertation on the development of architecture, tracing its history since the deluge. Mr. Eisen made a special appeal for the use of natural material, and surely it is true that the building fashioned of brick or wood can never convey the same impression of beauty as that hewn from granite or other rock. Sumner Hunt particularly criticised the carelessness with which public schools are built; the neglect of the beautiful where it would cost little more than the commonplace, and where the surroundings of beauty were all important in the training and inspiration of youth. Of supplementary papers, Harry Brook's was the most entertaining. With fine scorn he shattered the illusion that Los Angeles had many buildings, either public or private, to which she could "point with pride," and he severely satirized the vagaries, eccentricities and vulgarities that mar so much of the work of local architects. It seemed to be the general opinion of the Sunset Club that some authority should be delegated to the Municipal Art Commission, which by reason of its most



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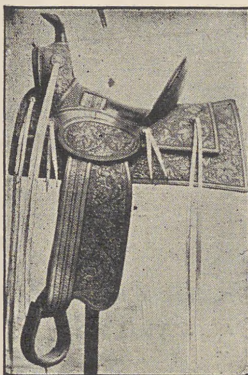
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limited functions at present can be of only nominal value.

The Federal Building.

At this same meeting some hints were thrown out to Senator Frank P. Flint as to the importance of his watching with all zeal and circumspection the plans for the new Federal building. It was feared,—and it seems with good reason,—that the government architects might not take sufficient consideration of the climate, the surroundings and the traditions of the country for which the new building is designed. It might be a natural error for architects at Washington to design a building, handsome and magnificent though it be, which while admirably adapted to the exigencies of the East, might not be at all fitting for the generousities of Southern California. The Senator will certainly try to persuade the Treasury Department to introduce distinctively Southern California features into the plans, but at the same time he cannot expect to please everybody. The popular ignorance of architecture is colossal, and most people's taste in building is not formed by any accepted laws but merely by individual and frequently very perverse personal preference. And even among architects themselves a building that to some spells beauty, to others pronounces abomination.

Mania or Revelation.

Apropos sudden "conversions," a matter of vital interest during this revivalist season, a friend told me a startling story of instantaneous change of heart, evidencing, as it seems to me, a conversion as sudden as St. Paul's. There were two brothers in Kansas City who kept the vilest gin-mill, gambling den and hot-house of sin in Missouri. One night a man who believed he had been swindled at cards in the brothers' dive shot and killed one of the brothers. He escaped and left the city. The surviving brother vowed eternal vengeance, closed up the gin-mill and started out to find his brother's slayer. For many months his search was unavailing, but finally at San Diego he had reason to believe he was hot on the murderer's tracks. He was standing on the street, his mind obsessed with the confidence that he would soon be given the opportunity to avenge his brother's death, when his attention

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was attracted by a meeting of the Salvation Army. Some simple words of gospel came to his ear. Almost instantaneously the desire to kill which had so long possessed his soul completely left him and before the end of the meeting he had enrolled himself a member of the Army. My friend, who told me this story and vouches for its accuracy, is a medical man and, I fear, a hard and fast materialist. He refused to attribute the sudden conversion to any Divine interposition. "The man was insane," he explains, "had been insane since his brother's murder—a monomaniac on the subject. At the time of the Salvation Army incident in San Diego his mania took another direction. That's all." But I hardly think my friend's diagnosis will prove satisfactory to many of my readers.

Golfing Evangelists.

It is good to know that Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, who is leading the assault upon Satan, is a keen golfer. Dr. Chapman is a tremendous worker and is a master of a rich force of energy and magnetism. He keeps himself "fit" by regular exercise and during his sojourn in Los Angeles he enjoys the privileges of a visitor's card at the Country Club. Others of the revivalist party who, I am told, are devotees of the Scotch game, are H. E. Du Puy and Mr. and Mrs. Butler.

What and Why.

I see that the Times has jumped in behind the Express in the fight against Ascot Park. That the Times should help the Express in any of its scraps is most remarkable. I went down the street Monday morning and was asked by a dozen men the meaning of the Times's stand. I'll confess I don't know. I have my own theories. Theory No. 1 is that "the General" and some of the Huntington people have had a falling out. They have been very thick for an extended period of time and perhaps this friendship has ended as most of "the General's" friendships end. Co-related with this theory is a suggestion that perhaps the Otisian and Huntingtonian land deals in the San Fernando valley may have been an inciting cause for warfare. Theory No. 2 is that perhaps "the General" has succumbed to revival influences. Many old time newspaper men recollect very vividly a former experience "the General" underwent whereby he was given a spiritual cleansing under the tutelage of Rev. B. Fay Mills. But now I notice the revivalists are praying for B. Fay Mills!

Express, the Moral Organ.

The attitude that the Express has assumed on the Ascot Park racing game is only what might have been expected. The Express under the administration of its present owner has striven for recognition as the organ of the church people and the moral influences of the community generally. That it should use the "Big Stick" on the backs of "Bud Hammond," "Meng & Co" and their ilk was a perfectly natural thing to expect, although there are horsemen hereabouts who express surprise that Mr. Earl, himself a keen horseman, should attack the betting end of the track. Racing absolutely will not exist without betting. The two are as inseparable as the Siamese twins and if we are to have the one we must bide with the other. Personally I don't

play the races. I never play at any game I don't understand and I don't understand the ponies. I am puzzled over the proposition to encourage racing and still do away with its objectionable concomitants. I have no faith at all in legislation cinch bills as a palliative. I have as little faith in waves of so-called "moral reform" for the reason that these "reforms" quickly peter out and the reformers get to fighting among themselves to decide "who's who."

In Store for Yachting Doctors.

There will be lots of "josh" in store for Drs. E. R. Smith and W. W. Hitchcock when they are once more safe in port from their cruise with John Bradbury in Southern waters. The story of the sad plight of Bradbury's yachting party has already been told in the daily press. Had it not been for the lucky aid brought by the steamer Curacoa John Bradbury and the distinguished Los Angeles physicians who were his guests would have been in sorry plight for a drink of fresh water, however plentiful the supply of other wet goods may have been. Of course, Dr. Smith and Dr. Hitchcock will explain that the supply ran dry because they had been on the water wagon ever since the Ramona sailed from San Pedro.

Times's New Departure.

Yielding to the inevitable, the Times has reached the point in its history when a librarian is deemed a necessity. A "librarian" in newspaper parlance is the man who secures and files pictures, paragraphs and all sorts of information, biographical and otherwise, that may some day be useful. He should also index all of the daily publications. The most complete newspaper "library" on the Pacific coast is that of the San Francisco Chronicle. Mr. De Young's collection of newspaper information has been gathered for twenty-five years. There isn't a man of mark the world over whose photograph or printed picture the Chronicle doesn't possess; there isn't a city which the Chronicle cannot "illustrate" in five minutes time. Suppose a notable man of local, state, national or world fame

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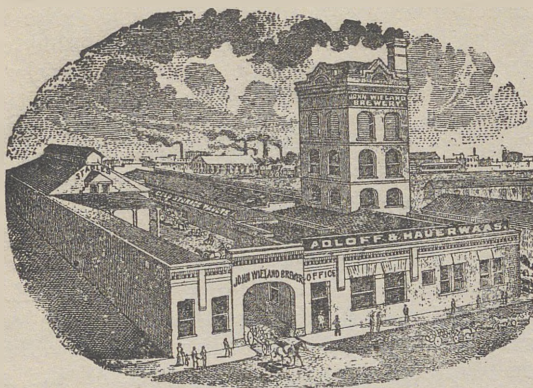
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dies tonight at midnight. Tomorrow morning the Chronicle will publish his likeness and a biography of length proportionate to his magnitude in the body politic. In most newspaper offices there is a wild old scurry in such emergencies. With the Chronicle the machinery works swiftly and with no friction. A big fire in Singapore, the march of the British into Thibet, the death of a European or American notable is all easy to the Chronicle "librarian." Strange as it may seem, the Times is the poorest equipped in this respect of any Los Angeles daily. The Examiner is fairly well off, while the Herald has a wealth of material. I suppose that because the appointment of a "librarian" is a departure from old traditions the Times has held off this long.

Garrett's Great Coup.

Speaking of the functions of a librarian brings up recollections of many a toilsome search for pictures; it reminds me too of Tom Garrett's greatest coup in securing a coveted photograph. You who look carelessly at your morning paper, scarcely realize what an important matter it is to the newspaper world to obtain photographs. Some come easy; some are the result of tremendous effort. I know that Garrett, who is now in Los Angeles, will not mind this story at his expense.

When Captain Richmond P. Hobson made what proved to be a futile attempt to "cork" Santiago harbor, by sinking the Merrimac in the harbor entrance, he became the man of the hour. Newspaper men, the country over, were driven frantic for his photograph—for anything that purported to be his likeness. Garrett was city editor of the San Francisco Examiner at the time. The Merrimac was sunk on June 3, 1898, and for four days Dent II. Robert and the other shining lights of the Examiner, Garrett excepted, looked in vain for a photograph of the young captain who leaped from obscurity to fame at a single bound. Finally Robert drafted Garrett into the search. Garrett, who suspected that the Examiner crowd was engaged in the usual pastime of "passing the buck," declined to be enlisted until he reserved the right to notify Hearst that he had not been called for four days if the San Francisco Call succeeded in publishing Hobson's picture first. At his wits' end, Robert agreed. Garrett telegraphed to every large newspaper in the United States as to whether they had succeeded in getting track of the likeness of Hobson. From an obscure corner in Massachusetts he learned, by wire of course, that a comparatively unknown monthly publication, the "American Home Ship Builder" of New York had published a halftone cut of Hobson on February 11, 1898. Garrett telegraphed to this publication for the names of its California subscribers. Three names came back from the "Home Ship Builder" and like a flash men were sent to these subscribers. One subscriber said he threw the publication away after reading it. Garrett's men found one likeness of Hobson in a paper at the San Mateo home of George W. Dickie, superintendent of the Union Iron Works. A second number of the "Home Ship Builder" of February 11, 1898 with the coveted likeness was discovered in a heap of discarded publications at the office of the Coast Seamen's Union at San Francisco. Garrett was thus enabled to beat every coast publication in first presenting

a likeness of the now familiar features of Captain Richmond P. Hobson.

Just a Sample.

This leaf from Tom Garrett's book of enterprise as a newspaper man is only a sample. If he would, Garrett could tell scores of such instances. Every Los Angeles newspaper man who has had any experience worth mentioning can tell you stories as to how this, that and the other picture was obtained. For instance, many people will remember a famous holdup some three years ago on the Santa Monica electric line, when two masked highwaymen stopped a westbound car near the vineyard west of the city. There was a fusillade and a young banker who was here on a visit from Iowa was killed. The shooting occurred about nine o'clock in the evening and the car went out to Santa Monica. Next morning the Herald published a picture of the dead banker—and photographs of visitors are fearfully hard to get, especially under such circumstances. If I recollect right the photograph was "lifted"—some people would say purloined, or a harder word—from a house in the nine or ten hundred block on Hill street. The tracing and locating of that photograph was done by a woman reporter. There is a newspaper man in this town by the name of Donaldson—the same Donaldson who went to jail for contempt of court in Riverside county rather than betray the Times—who could, I believe, tell a most interesting story about the discovery of the Brown-Overman letters in San Francisco, at the time the Brown-Overman scandal tore the First Congregational Church of that city in twain, some years ago: to say nothing of the scandal being the seven days wonder of all San Francisco and the entire church world of the west. The rage for illustrating has reached such a pass that newspaper men are as frequently asked by their city editors, "Have you got the pictures?" as have you got the story?

Street Railway Fares.

According to the report of the United States Census Bureau on street and electric railways, just issued, the operating expenses of all the railways in 1902 were 57.5 per cent. of the operating earnings, and the average cost of carrying a passenger has fallen to three cents. Street and electric lines carried 2,023,010,202 fare passengers in 1890 and 4,774,211,904 in 1902, while besides the fare passengers there were in 1902 more than a billion transfer passengers.

Pacific Railroads "Cornered."

Every thoughtful Californian should read an article in this month's issue of "World's Work," entitled "A 'Corner' in Pacific Railroads," by C. M. Keys. Just as Mr. Rockefeller controls the petroleum and other industries, as Mr. Armour dictates the price of most of our food, so, apparently, is Edward H. Harriman destined to control the transportation facilities of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Keys traces the dramatic and extraordinarily rapid rise of Mr. Harriman from a position of comparative obscurity in the railroad world "to the virtual primacy of the transcontinental lines," which was realized when a few months ago he acquired the largest individual interest in the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.

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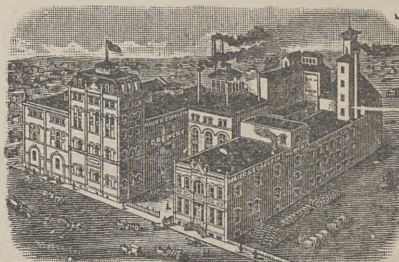
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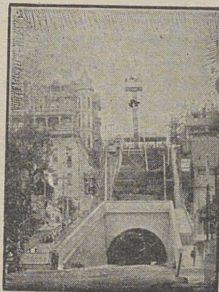
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campaign is summarized by Mr. Keys in the following table, showing in concise form the mileage of the Pacific roads operated, directly or indirectly, under his influence, and the entire capitalization, stocks and bonds of the companies that own the mileage:

Railroad.	Miles.	Capital.
Union Pacific*	6,105	\$487,639,687
Southern Pacific**	9,621	596,393,678
San Pedro Route	1,100	65,000,000
Atchison, T. & S. F.	8,004	458,039,780
Northern Pacific	5,976	338,689,178

Total 30,706 \$1,945,762,323

*Including the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company lines, which give the Union Pacific the Portland route.

**Including the Central Pacific, which furnishes the present overland route from Salt Lake City to San Francisco.

The list does not include any lines east of Omaha either owned or controlled by the Harriman interests. Nor does it note his ownership of more than 50 per cent. of the stock of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Julius Krause, Architect.

Julius Krause, resplendent no more in brass buttons, blue uniform and military cap, has taken up his profession once more. He has opened an architect's office in the Huntington building and if energy counts, he ought to do well. I have always had a warm personal regard for Julius Krause. When he was Superintendent of Buildings he invariably made it a point to compile the monthly building permit record as early as possible, to furnish comparative statistics with former years, and to furnish the statistics without favor to all newspapers. The building record has proved a most potent argument for real estate dealers and for builders and Krause invariably went out of his way to help along the best interests of the city. Krause was a Snyder man and of course had to go. I hope he will get a full share of the building prosperity which he did much, month in and month out, to foster.

Kentucky Hospitality.

John Fox, Jr., the Kentucky novelist, tells some good stories of Southern hospitality in his introduction to "The Blue Grass Cook Book," compiled by Minnie C. Fox (Fox, Duffield & Co.). "I have heard," he says, "of a man stopping to spend the night on a Georgia plantation and staying for twenty years. I have heard of an old major in Virginia, the guest of the father of a friend of mine, who every spring had his horse saddled and brought to the fence, when the following annual colloquy took place:

"'Oh, you'd better stay a while longer, major,' the host would say.

"'No,' the major would say, 'I reckon I'd better be goin'.'"

"After every mint julep this interchange would take place. At the end of the third the major invariably weakened.

"'Well,' he would say, 'reckon I'll stay a little longer.' And he would stay—another year. This went on for a decade.

"These things I have heard—what follows I know. There was a famous place near Lexington once, which I will call Silver Springs, and there was a guest there of twenty years' standing. One morning he went over to the home of his host's son, liked it over there and stayed ten years until he died. But there is yet a better story of Silver

Springs. So many guests actually died there that the host provided them with a graveyard. Some fifteen years ago the church near by was torn down, the graveyard was sold, and all the bodies had to be removed. The son of the master of Silver Springs wrote to what relatives of the dead guests he could find. No answer came, and the daughter of the son, who has been a lifelong friend of mine, took the seven guests, sang "Nearer My God to Thee" over them, and buried them in the family plot. There the seven rest to-day."

Unightly Derricks.

That Arbor Day and St. Patrick's anniversary should fall on the same date, so far as Los Angeles is concerned, is purely accidental, writes my club correspondent. It was Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, one of the leading spirits of the Civic League, who first suggested that Arbor Day should be celebrated March 17, and she has acknowledged that St. Patrick was far from her thoughts when the tree planting date was fixed. It none the less follows that the suggestion was timely. While the sons of Erin don the green in honor of their patron saint, the Civic League and its friends will add to Mother Earth's emerald mantel by planting trees. Just now the league is making active preparations for the annual celebration, but this time there will be no band accompaniment. Mrs. Rodman brought the matter before the league at a meeting held Tuesday, and everybody present favored giving all the time to the work of planting trees. In connection with the league and its efforts it may be said that there is reason for slight discouragement, because certain city ordinances are found to conflict. To a woman who thinks in a straight line, as it were, and has never studied law, white means white and black means black. So it happened that when an ordinance regulating the removal of discarded oil derricks met the eye of the tree committee, it was believed that the unsightly objects marring the landscape out in the Westlake district could be removed whether the owners of the property were willing or not. A little further investigation demonstrated, however, that there is a wholesome law which insists that the city has no right to molest private property so long as it is not a menace to health. For this reason the derricks and the sign boards must remain until the Civic League can educate public opinion. The league is doing excellent work in the interests of the city and it receives the commendation of many officials, who see what is being accomplished by it. Co-operation of the oil district inspector has been asked in the derrick matter, and I understand he has already signified his willingness to assist in ridding the city of the unsightly objects, if he can be fortified by the statutes.

Homes First.

It is not always possible to discover by the degree of interest which a woman takes in municipal matters if she is actually an advocate of female suffrage, and I believe, if the truth were known, a considerable majority at least of those now pushing the work of the Civic League are nowise exercised in their minds over the franchise. Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, at the meeting of the Ebell Club last Monday, stated that the greatest civic reforms ever accomplished were carried out where equal suffrage was not prac-

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ticed. This is not intended to throw any light upon the nature of Mrs. Burdette's "politics," so far as the suffrage movement is concerned. I believe she gave the statement in correction of an erroneous idea that had been advanced at the question, "Resolved, That Civic Reform is a Legitimate Field for Women's Efforts." It was a notable debate, and Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, as well as Mrs. Burdette, distinguished herself by a terse, practical expression of sentiment. Mrs. Porter could not see, she said, why a woman should interest herself in civic reform while her own back yard needed cleaning up, and Mrs. Porter is a woman who has taken much interest in municipal affairs, too. "Charity

begins at home," and "The substantial house must have a substantial foundation," are maxims in which many of the most public-spirited women in Los Angeles believe thoroughly. That, it is reasoned, is the chief reason why their efforts for the city's good are so effective and far-reaching.

Mother—"Do you like my new gown, Millicent?" Millicent (aged five, with conviction)—"If there is a Lady-God, you look just like her in those clothes."—Life.

Confident.

"Nobody argues in these days against the right of woman's suffrage," said Mrs. Elizabeth Tupper Wilkes, just before she left for Sacramento last Sunday. Mrs. Wilkes went North to address the legislative committee before which the equal suffrage bill was to come up, she having been chosen to represent the suffragists from this part of the State, and she was rather confident of success for the bill. Mrs. Wilkes, who for many years has been an ordained minister of the Unitarian Church, is one of the more conservative of the suffragists, but she believes firmly in the right of women to exercise the privilege of the ballot.

Where are the Cooks of Yesteryear?

If speakers for the Federation of Women's Clubs, to meet here next week, find Los Angeles lacking in hospitality, they can blame the cook, for she alone is to be held responsible. It is an alarming situation which makes several thousand club women shiver, calculating whether or not they should among them all undertake the entertainment of six visiting speakers for three days. "Any woman who has a servant upon whom she can depend to stay throughout the week ought to feel it her duty to respond," declared one committee member, who had been presenting the matter for consideration to a body of her co-workers. To entertain the visiting delegates, or such of them as will appear on the program, is attractive enough task, and in years gone by the honor of being hostess to such guests has never gone begging; but it is a fact that up to Wednesday noon provision had been made for only one out of the six speakers. An effort on the part of the hospitality committee to place the other five brought to light a series of domestic perplexities, some laughable, others more serious, but in all cases it developed that there was a dearth of efficient "help," and the women were so uncertain of their servants' abilities and staying qualities that they were inclined to deny themselves the pleasure of entertaining strangers. This problem of domestic service is brought up from time to time in the women's clubs and discussed in the abstract, but the object lesson as practically brought out this week tells a story that should interest students of domestic economy in the fullest extent and set them to seeking a remedy for sorrows which are undermining the housewife's health and happiness.

Cards and Charity.

The Russians are the greatest card players in the world. Last year they spent over 2,000,000 roubles (\$1,000,000) on cards. Card-making is a government monopoly, and the proceeds of the sales are going to support the Red Cross Society. The profit last year was 1,700,000 roubles, as the cost of the manufacture was only 300,000. The cards used by

the imperial family—the Czar is said to be a capital whist player—are made of the finest linen rags with a water-mark of the imperial eagle and crown. The Czar and court used 1,200 packs last year, which cost 11,000 roubles.

No Hats.

A theatrical manager at Brussels lately posted up the following notice: "Only middle-aged and elderly ladies are allowed to wear hats in the stalls." The device was immediately successful.

A Caustic Critic.

An anonymous authoress in a Swedish magazine is the latest European critic of the American woman. The editor of the magazine "Varia", declares that the writer has lived for several years in the United States, and that she is a person of eminence. American society, she believes, is a hollow, worthless thing; the restlessness and artificiality of society characterize our civilization. The unnamed one arraigns women's clubs with savage pen. "The so-called lady-clubs," she says, "are simply societies, with or without clubhouses, for discussion, agitation, and lecturing. A great deal of work is done ostensibly for the sake of woman, yet the whole thing makes a forced impression. On the other hand, however, there are many fine reading circles and afternoon courses of study."

It is hard to find a real American woman in New York, this Swedish writer declares. She continues:

"The women of the middle class, which is the largest in New York, are characterized by their laziness, incompetence, and vanity. They may know how to make a dress elegant, but poorly suited to their means; and yet, only very seldom do they know how to cook. Most of the dyspepsia and nervousness of their husbands is surely caused by the half-cooked meals of the women. Besides, not being practical, they waste half the food they consume. Yet they trim their nails for hours, and live half the time on the street,—that is, when they are not fortunate enough to be jammed around the bargain counter. This is not merely a European view of the matter,—it is a frequent topic of admonition on the part of many American economic writers. While these offer many explanations, they all agree that there is an incalculable danger to the country in the increasing laziness of the middle-class woman and her unfitness to be head of a household."



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week by 6000 people.
Are you one of them?*



Architectural Abominations

By Harry Brook

[From a paper read before the Sunset Club, January 27th]

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad" I see many things, in the shape of buildings, that cause me actual pain, for I am one of those unfortunate people with a sensitive eye. It seems that a majority of people hereabouts must be blind to form and color—"having eyes they see not." Otherwise, how can we explain so many of the monstrosities that assail our vision?

There are many difficulties in the way of securing architectural effects in this country, such as one sees in the principal cities of Europe. Where, for instance, in the United States have we anything to compare with the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, the Ring Strasse in Vienna, Unter den Linden in Berlin, or even dear old dowdy Regent street in London? We can't hope to achieve anything of that kind on this side of the water until we have a Baron Hausmann, with despotic power, and that the American people are not likely to consent to. The nearest approach we have had to this in the United States was Boss Shepherd, who created Washington. There was a big roar from property owners, but he had his way, and the result is the most beautiful city in America.

Another obstacle in the way of architectural effects in this country is our long, monotonous streets, which admit of no good architectural effects at corners and junctions, such as we see in European cities. Last, but not least, there is the lack of artistic sense on part of a great majority of our people, who have been too busy accumulating money to know how to spend it intelligently. They talk about Los Angeles as an art center. It makes me "larf." Our local artists would starve to death if they depended entirely on their profession for a living. I believe de Longpre has sold less than half a dozen paintings to local men since he has been here, and other producers of good work can't even say that. There is ten times as much art appreciation in smoky Pittsburg as in beautiful Los Angeles. I am sorry to say so, but it is a fact, and before we can expect anything fine in the shape of architecture we must educate the public up to the artistic sense. That, perhaps, will take a generation.

There are few public buildings in Los Angeles to which we "can point with pride" when we show the stranger around. When there is an otherwise acceptable design, it is usually disfigured with some meaningless and inartistic piece of tawdry ornamentation, like the little tin turrets stuck here and there, that are reminiscent of the time when phallic worship was in vogue. We have a vast choice of building material in this southwestern country, but it seems to have been little availed of, except in two or three cases. A pleasurable variety has been introduced in the shape of a gray brick—a sort of modernized adobe—that is restful and pleasing to the eye. This has been used in the Herman Hellman building, but unfortunately disfigured with a lot of cream-colored lace work.

It is surprising to me that no attempt has been made to introduce the colonnade idea on some of our streets, such as we find in cities of Southern Eu-

rope. It is eminently adapted to a climate like this, keeping off the rain and sun from shoppers and passersby. Such a colonnade might be constructed either of stone or iron. What a fine effect might have been produced in Central Park in this way, with rows of stately harmonious buildings all around. But how can anyone expect fine harmonious effects when perhaps by the side of a graceful four or five-story building there will loom up a hideous ten-story monstrosity, resembling an exaggerated flour mill?

Coming to the subject of residence architecture, we find a vast change has taken place here during the past ten or twelve years, at which time the dry-goods-box style of residence, with gingerbread carpenter effects, was the rule. We now see a great variety and originality in residences. Some of them are good, many are bad or indifferent. The Mission style, when carried out by an artist, is all right for large residences, in spacious grounds, or for public buildings similarly located, but it is absurd for a cottage. Back of Hollywood there is an excellent effect in the Pompeian style—a cement house, with a blue tile roof, on a hillside, in a lot of several acres. Those residences and apartment houses with big white pillars always give me the "creeps" when I look at them. I should always feel as if I were entering my mausoleum when I went home to dinner. There is absolutely nothing homelike in their appearance. An excellent feature in residence architecture that has come into favor of late around here is the bungalow style of cottage—a modest, homelike place, that is nothing more or less than it pretends to be—a home. I cannot praise too greatly the idea of covering houses with shingles and merely oiling them. The moment you rush into colors you rush into danger. Some of the colors in Los Angeles actually get up and scream at you. They are as painful to a sensitive eye as a wrong chord in music is to a musician. Moreover, the brown of the shingles harmonize with any kind of foliage that surrounds the house. Those who have visited Switzerland have a vivid recollection of the fine effects produced by the dark chocolate coloring of the shingled houses, which have been so colored by the atmosphere. And, by the way, some good effects in cottages have been produced recently by modified forms of Swiss architecture.

The patio style of residence is also highly commendable in this climate. Nor need it necessarily be confined to houses of the Mission style of architecture.

Finally, I would say that one of the greatest mistakes made by people in building in and around Los Angeles is to get too small a lot and then build their houses up in the air, thus involving a vast amount of extra labor on the usually overworked housewife. Where land is so cheap as it is around Los Angeles, there is no excuse whatever for being satisfied with a fifty-foot frontage and putting a lot of stairs in your residence. Far better put \$1,000 or \$1,500 more into the ground and so much less into the house.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

Were you not always on the lookout for "somesings sheep," like the child of the Ghetto, who implored the driver of his runaway horse to avoid a plate-glass window? I could tell you of "somesings" for sale in this Los Angeles city that is really worth while; "somesings" you cannot find every day, every place, all the time. Now, you go down to Coulter's big store on Broadway this week and you will find a crowd around one of the big windows. And "what went they out for to see?" No reed shaken by the wind (pardon these Biblical quotations, I have been sitting under several revivalists this week), but a most wonderful lace shawl—a truly rare piece of finery of most interesting history and antiquity. Tri-cornered and very deep it is, I suppose, a piece of old rose point lace; but its flowery undulations and garlanded wreaths in finest patterns and flowers remind one of the decorations of some ancient theater. I understand that Mrs. Nevill Jackson and Mrs. Bury Palliser, who are both connoisseurs in old laces and antiques, have declared the history of this lace shawl dates from 1650 or 1700. The design is Renaissance and exceedingly beautiful. Its present owner bought it in the Latin Quarter in Paris in 1840, and it is a fact that it belonged at that time to a "royal personage" probably badly in need of plebeian plunks. Well, dear, you can now, if you are so inclined, purchase this wonderful old yellowy piece of lace (in perfect condition) for a mere \$5,000, though truth to tell I would infinitely rather have the wedding veil of exquisite lace in the neighboring window (also of Coulter's) for \$500; it is a beauty.

Anyway, I find that without rising to the five

thousand dollar mark you can be just awfully happy in the Boston Store; you can arrive at the wash goods counter and simply lose your heart, or your husband's temper. Such temptations surely were never placed before Mother Eve. Just listen! The new wash goods—save the mark, for I would hate to send such dainty colorings to the common "wash"—at the Boston Store consist of the most alluring designs. You can have embroidered mulles or grenadines, dainty printed tulles in every color, and figured Honiton lace-patterned cotton chiffon, or printed "Plumetis" in most exquisite designs for the latest cool things in summer wear. Organdies I find are going to be the rage this season, and the Boston Store is wisely catering even at this early hour to the "wise virgins" who "trim their lamps" before the eleventh hour.

Now, my dear, these frivolities must not lead you to suppose that I do not entirely approve of your idea of purchasing a useful summer silk gown. At the Ville de Paris I want you to look at the lovely new silks, foulards and messalines. Nothing gives better satisfaction, wears longer, or looks dressier than a dainty summer silk, and surely enough you can choose from every possible design and kind at the Ville de Paris. Browns, cadet blues and greens are the leading "motifs" for color this year—the pinks, old golds, oranges and burnt onions being relegated to a thing of the past. How seductive and yet how very dangerous are these up-to-date colorings. A few months ago my fingers burned with "onions" and "oranges" and "old golds," and now we will have more of them.

As the subject of the coiffure interests you so exceedingly, you will doubtless be entertained by a piece of news which has come to me—all the way from England—in connection with it. It is to the effect that dark hair is to represent the "fashion" next season. We have gone alternately into ecstasies over fair hair and auburn hair, and even gray hair, but I do not remember ever feeling any thrill of admiration over dark brown or black locks. It will be interesting to see how long the new locks take to cross the Atlantic and then the continent and to watch how many of our sex will be induced to follow this new fashion; but in these days of Mrs. Weaver Jackson's exquisitely-made transforma-

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tions there are no difficulties in the way of having hair of a different shade for every day in the week except on the score of expense.

Already there are rumors abroad concerning the straw hats to be worn this spring. The straight, flat brim will be in a great measure superseded by one of undulating form. Crowns will be of medium height and decidedly smaller at the top than at the base. As regards the newest form of sailor hat, it has a large but not a particularly high crown, the brim being slightly turned up all round, and it is also understood that while the toque will remain fashionable it will be oval rather than round.

Now, my dear this must really "hold you for a while." Los Angeles never was so gay in the memory of our oldest inhabitant, with one continual round of luncheons, bridge parties, teas and dinners, and it will be a wonder if the fashionable doctors and the Christian Scientists do not have their hands full before Lent.

Always yours steadfastly,

Figueroa St., Feb. 1.

LUCILLE.

Nell—He asked me if your hair was dyed.

Belle—The idea! What did you tell him?

Nell—I told him I didn't know; I wasn't with you when you bought it.

Two Optimists.

Joseph Jefferson has long been a friend of the blind genius, Helen Keller. He sent to Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, a copy of her essay on optimism. In acknowledgment Mr. Gilder published a poem in the Century entitled "Two Optimists."

Having paid tribute to the wonderful blind girl, Mr. Gilder followed with these words to the veteran player:

If faith in man and woman that still lasts,
Though chilled by seventy winters' bitter blasts;
If seeing, as you see, the good in evil,
And even something Christian in the devil;
If power to take misfortune as a friend
And to be cheerful to the very end;
Not to be spoiled by praise, nor deeply stung
By the detractor's sharp and envious tongue;
If living in fairyland as really now
As when heaven's dew was fresh on childhood's brow;
If seeing, in fine, this world as through a prism
Of lovely colors is true optimism,
Then Joseph is true optimist no less,
And Heaven sent both this troubled world to bless.

Over The Teacups

"Don't talk to me of practical girls," the old man in gray in a corner of a Boyle Heights car said to a younger acquaintance the other morning.

"When I was young," he continued, "the girls even in well-to-do families were simply invaluable. They helped their mothers cook, make the beds, tidy the rooms, and do all the mending of the family. Yes, sir; and at a pinch they could take practical command of the whole outfit. Those were the days of choice girls and clever housekeepers. Those were the days when if cooks or other servants struck their tents and marched away at a moment's notice your practical girl stepped in and broiled a sirloin steak or a chop, roasted a potato and turned out biscuits and coffee that made even their grandmothers jealous. No such girls nowadays—all gone."

"By the way, Major, I congratulate you. I know all about it: my sister got it from your daughter. The cat's out of the bag. Ha, ha! I know all about it."

"What are you driving at? I'm not on to your curves, as Tom says."

"It's Tom I mean. I'm on to his engagement. It's way up. Push it along."

"Oh, yes; thanks. We are all agreed that it is a splendid match. You know her?"

"As well as I know Tom. Pretty and educated; and her father has stacks of money."

"Yes, she is a very sweet girl and brilliantly educated. Studied in Boston and Europe. Plays and sings divinely. And artistic in the highest sense. I have seen some of her etchings and decorative conceits and—"

"Practical, too, I suppose?"

"What's that? What's that?"

"Can broil a sirloin, roast a potato, et cetera?"

"See here: this is where I get off. Good-bye!"

Mrs. John E. Plater is to entertain with a dinner Saturday evening at the Country Club, this being one link in a chain of delightful affairs that have taken place there this week. Mrs. Plater's guest of honor will be Miss Ethel Hager, of San Francisco,

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New styles and colorings in these popular fabrics are on show this week, prettier than ever, and better. Little black and white shepherd checks, with colored embroidered figures and dots; mixtures and changeable styles in browns, blues, grays and greens with handsome jacquard designs; plain shepherd checks. There's a host of them and Fashion says they will be among the season's best things.

Prices commence at 50c and go up to \$1.50.

New weaves and textures are shown also in Crepes de Paris, Eoliennes and Wool Taffetas—all silk-warp goods. Splendid time now to make a choice for the summer gown.

who is visiting her sister-in-law, Frank Hicks. This is Miss Hager's first visit to Los Angeles in many years, although her elder sister, Alice, has been here frequently. Ethel Hager enjoys the reputation in San Francisco of being one of the few lights of society that have shone in an original way. She is a woman of brilliant and independent mind and has more than once startled Northern society by the novelty and individuality of her ideas in both dress and entertainment. Many affairs are being planned in Miss Hager's honor during her visit here.

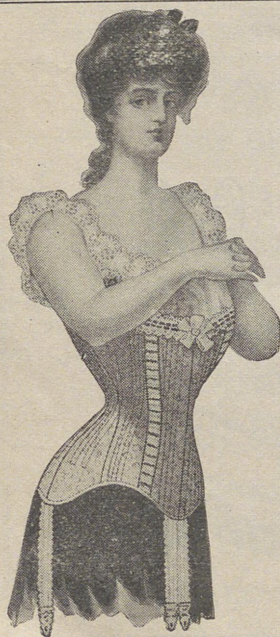
Dr. Dorothea Moore, who is here from San Francisco to represent the California Club at the Federation meeting next week, is allowing herself a few social diversions. Dr. Moore is the guest of her

parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rhodes, and has been visiting many old friends since her arrival. Dr. Moore's professional life has not dulled her appreciation of the social side of existence. At the same time the serious inclination of the San Francisco woman's nature is easily discernible, and I hear that she is examining with keen interest the conditions of the juvenile court in Los Angeles. Dr. Moore was the moving spirit that brought about great things along this line for San Francisco, and when that city was struggling with the problem of establishing a court of justice for youthful offenders it was she that brought encouragement from her experiences in Chicago. Dr. Moore came from the North purposely to explain the idea of the juvenile court to the Los Angeles club women, and she has maintained an untiring interest in the venture here.

Adding to the gaiety of the late winter and early spring seasons, some of the sweetest of last season's buds have formed a combination to give a series of dancing parties, and there is considerable talk as to the personnel of the crowd that will surround this bevy of young women as its center. Those who form the "combine" are from families whose standing is unquestioned, and there is no doubt they will control the situation in their set. It is not likely that "regrets" will be received except in unavoidable instances. The burning question is, how comprehensive will be the invitation list, and do the young women contemplate the exclusiveness ascribed to the "Lambs" of San Francisco, who have been lauded by those receiving invitations and adversely criticised by those not bidden to the "Lamb" functions. I hear the first ball of the Los Angeles young women is to be given at Cumnoek Hall some time this month. The hostesses will be the Misses Kittie Walbridge, Edith Campbell, Grace Rowley, Irene Kelly, Gwendolin Laughlin, Margaret Lee, Marie Gavagan, Alice Harpham, Alice Gwynne, Katherine Mellus, Edith Maurice, Nan Vickers, Helen Boothe, Sarah Boothe, Mabel Bowler, Mary Clark and Lucy Clark.

Mrs. Purden Smith-Miller is to marry Dr. W. H. Hall, of Butte, Mont., and the wedding is to take place next month. Mrs. Miller, who is a daughter of the late S. Morgan Smith, of York, Pa., is well known here, where she has been much with her sister, Mrs. W. T. McArthur. She is a sister also of Beauchamp Smith, of this city. Dr. Hall is considered fortunate in having won the captivating little widow, whose bright mind and attractive style have won for her many admirers. She has traveled extensively abroad and is accomplished in many ways. Dr. Hall and his bride will make their home in Butte, where he stands high in the professional world.

"Towards the sea" has been the local real estate man's slogan for years, and towards the sea the city has been growing. Now, however, that we are to have another golf links and country club over beyond Garvanza, society is turning its eyes toward the hills, and the Campbell Johnson ranch is a Mecca for many newly-arrived seekers of desirable home sites. It is not many months since the S. T. Foy family took up its residence in this section, a little further on, to be sure, but within the shadow of the Garvanza hills.



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(The Corset That Breathes)

The Country Club continues to be the most popular center of informal entertaining and to be the rendezvous of many well-known people. Among those who had foregathered last Sunday afternoon for a quiet chat and a cup of tea were noticed: Mrs. J. E. Plater, Miss Waddilove, Mrs. J. J. Meyler, Mrs. Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Silent, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Mr. and Mrs. A. Carlos Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Bundren, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Severance, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Childs, A. D. Schindler and "Dick" Blaisdell. The last named has been ill for some months, but is now convalescing.

Last Saturday afternoon also there were many tea parties. Misses Minnie and Bessie Bryan entertained a dozen of their friends and Miss Grace Mellus and Miss Helen Sanborn were among other tea-givers. Among the visitors were noticed Mrs. Roger Morgan, the guest of Everett Burbank; Miss Grace A. Moon, of St. Louis; Miss Florence Francis Bowler, of Cleveland, and Mr. George V. Wettman, of St. Louis, the guests of Robert G. Newstadt. Mrs. George B. Smith was entertaining in honor of Mrs. J. D. Ward, of Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Seaman had invited a number of friends to meet Miss Jean Hill. Among visiting golfers enjoying the links, which are in excellent shape, are Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brown, of Pittsburg, guests of Miss E. M. Millin; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Saunders, of San Francisco, guests of Charles A. Henderson; Dr. E. N. Taylor and C. W. Clark, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Herbert B. Atlia, of Orange, N. J., the guest of Mrs. Lynn Helm; Dr. F. W. Skaife, guest of E. B. Tufts; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Dickinson, of Denver, guests of Walter Fairbanks; Miss Katharine C. Woodbury, guest of John H. Vail; E. H. Hargraves, of Chicago, and H. B. Cushing, of Cincinnati, guests of F. O. Johnson.

Mrs. John Kahn, Mrs. Caspare Behrendt and Mrs. Samuel Behrendt took the lead this week, so far as the unique in entertaining is concerned. They gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Concordia Club, and their tables were suggestive in adornment of rustic splendor. There were three tables, each distinctive in its decoration, but Mrs. Kahn had carried off the laurels for originality by using as a centerpiece a coop of bantam chicks. Most of the guests were Eastern women.

Much has been done this week in compliment to visitors. Mrs. C. A. Broadwater, Mrs. M. A. Miller, the Misses Broadwater and Chumasero, of Helena, Mont., who are at the Raymond Hotel for the winter, were guests of honor at a tea given by Mrs. H. A. d'Acheul at her Adams street home Wednesday. Among the unbonneted women were Mmes. Michael Connell, William May Garland, John G. Mossin, Henry Carlton Lee, Bert Harman Merchant, Walter Leeds, E. Groshan, William M. Bon-sall, W. G. Nevin, W. W. Dixon of Butte, Mont., the Misses Louise Nixon Hill, Gertrude Hill and Louise Burke.

Mrs. Katherine H. Evans, of Buffalo, N. Y., who this week was granted a decree from her husband,

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Ellicott Evans, has figured much in the social life of Southern California the past few seasons. She is a wealthy woman and has been coming to Pasadena year after year to spend the winter, and Mr. Evans has been here also. Domestic trouble had been brewing for a long while, Mrs. Evans complaining to her friends that while she was the one to find the money her spouse did naught but dispose of it.

Edward L. Doheney has delayed his return from Mexico for probably a fortnight longer, but Mrs. Doheney has returned and is again at her Chester place home.

I noticed more than one fashionable party at the Mason Monday evening, and society night was kept well up to the standard both in the boxes and the body of the house. It seemed that the brides-to-be were having their innings, for Eleanor Tuttle, who is to marry Otto Weid, was there as the guest of honor in a party given by Mrs. Oliver P. Posey, and Mr. and Mrs. Loren D. Sale were giving a box party complimentary to Lila Fairchild, the fiancee of John Mott. After the theater Christopher's and Levy's were lively enough, and the Angelus grill had its usual large share of gay diners.

ANASTASIA.

Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stimson of Seattle have returned home. Mr. and Mrs. A. Sieroty have moved to 1985 Park Grove avenue.

Miss Florence Scatena of San Francisco returned North last Tuesday.

Mrs. William Mead will be at home at Hotel Lankershim after February 15.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cason have moved to their new home at 1145 Elden avenue.

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Mrs. A. F. Lux of Rochester is the guest of Mrs. C. A. Rockwell of 1922 Western avenue.

Miss Alice Voigt of Chicago is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Waldo Farrington Chase of 617 Witmer street.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Ray of Cincinnati are here on their annual visit and are staying at the Westminster.

Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins of San Francisco is the guest of Mrs. Lodovic Avery of 650 West Thirty-sixth street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Felter of 1124 Dewey avenue sailed this week for Honolulu for a visit of several months.

Mrs. Elmer McKeever of 1360 Bond street is entertaining her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Pryor, of Ileton, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bayly, Jr., of Salt Lake City are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Bayly of 10 Chester Place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hadley, formerly of 1125 West Thirtieth street, have taken apartments at the Hotel Pepper.

Mrs. Eleanor T. Brown of 2626 Portland avenue, who is spending the winter in San Francisco, is in town for a brief visit.

Mrs. Lee Chamberlain, who has been ill at the California Hospital, is now convalescent and is staying at Brighton Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Marshall of Brunswick, Mo., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Hogan of 903 West Thirty-sixth street.

Miss Ethel Hager of San Francisco is visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, at 832 West Adams street.

Miss Rose Porter of Santa Barbara, who has been the guest of Miss Elizabeth Kerekhoff of 825 Westlake avenue, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eley have removed to 226 North Beaudry avenue. Mrs. Eley will be at home the first and third Fridays of the month.

Mrs. Louis Schwarz has moved into her new residence, 747 West Seventeenth street. Mrs. Schwarz will be at home the first Wednesday of each month.

The Misses Lynette and Margaret Cole who have been visiting Mrs. Frank W. Burnett of West Eighth street, returned this week to their home in Kansas City.

Mrs. M. Burton Williamson is spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Edward R. Bradley of 1118 Georgia street. Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Williamson will be at home the first and second Wednesdays of the month.

Receptions, Etc.

January 27.—Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Van Nuys Hotel; luncheon for Mrs. Marshall Hinman.

January 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr.; musicale at California Club.

January 28.—Mrs. Dwight Whiting; lunch at California Club for Mrs. William Le Moyne Wills.

January 28.—Mrs. W. P. Jeffries, 976 Arapahoe street; theater party for Miss Margaret Sweet of Buffalo, N. Y.

January 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Braly; dinner for Mrs. David S. Murray of Salt Lake City.

January 28.—Mrs. C. E. Walsh, 403 South Alvarado street; luncheon at the Angelus for Miss Elizabeth Miller.

January 29.—Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones; dinner at the Country Club.

January 30.—Mrs. Oliver P. Posey, 1321 South Figueroa street; theater party at the Mason for Miss Eleanor Tuttle and Otto Weid.

January 30.—Mrs. Horace B. Wing, 1017 Elden avenue; musicale.

January 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Loren D. Sale; theater party at the Mason for Miss Lila Fairchild and John G. Mott.

January 30.—Mrs. Hattie Meyers, 622 Burlington avenue; for Pine Forest Whist Club.

January 30.—Los Angeles Council, Knights of Columbus; dance at Kramer's.

January 31.—Miss Clara Huntington, 937 Park View avenue; for Duplicate Whist Club.

January 31.—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Davisson, 920 Westlake avenue; for Midday Luncheon Club.

January 31.—Mrs. M. J. F. Stearns, 1017 Elden avenue; tea for Ruskin Art Club.

February 1.—Mrs. W. A. Hutchason, 2627 Van Buren Place; for Wednesday Drive Whist Club.

February 1.—Miss Smith, 723 Rampart street; for Harmony Whist Club.

February 1.—Mrs. H. A. d'Acheul, 1109 West Adams street; tea.

February 1.—Mrs. J. S. Slauson, 2345 South Figueroa street; luncheon at California Club.

February 2.—Mrs. Walter S. Newhall, 21 Chester Place; tea for Miss Margaret Sweet of Buffalo, N. Y.

February 2.—Mrs. C. B. Dickson of 2212 West Twenty-fourth street; West Adams Heights Sewing Club.

February 3.—Miss Frances Coulter, 219 North Grand avenue; tea for Miss May Belle Wood of Bangor, Me.

February 3.—Mrs. W. W. Neuer, 843 South Bonnie Brae street; for Mrs. J. C. Goodrich of Washington, D. C.

February 3.—Los Angeles Country Club; monthly dance.

Anastasia's Date Book

February 4.—Mesdames Albert Llewellyn Cheney, Willard Doran and Will A. Innes; tea for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 4.—Mrs. C. E. Edwards, 1950 Pennsylvania avenue; for Butterfly Whist Club.

February 4.—Mrs. John E. Plater; dinner at Country Club for Miss Ethel Hager of San Francisco.

February 6.—Mrs. Herman W. Hellman, 918 South Hill street; at home.

February 7.—Mrs. William Watson Lovett, 2800 Orchard avenue; cards.

February 7.—Mrs. Louis M. Cole; at home at the Angelus.

February 7.—Miss Eva Francis Pike and Miss Eugenia Hobbs, 2239 West Sixteenth street; for Eschscholtzia Chapter, D. A. R.

February 8.—Mrs. M. Francis Van Horn, 536 Lucas avenue; for Aloha Whist Club.

February 9.—Los Angeles Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy; charity ball at Kramer's.

February 11.—Masters Wilfred McKinley, Harold J. Harrell, George Caswell and William Gibbon; children's dancing party at Kramer's.

February 11.—Mrs. John H. Norton; dance at the Country Club for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 14.—Mrs. Hans Jevne, Mrs. Jack Jevne and Mrs. Arthur Braly; dance at Kramer's Hall.

February 14.—Mrs. Seeley W. Mudd, 1139 West Eighth street; for Miss Genevieve Smith, Mrs. Belle V. Tusey of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Mary Foster of Boston.

February 15.—Mrs. Horace G. Cates, 1113 Orange street; tea.

February 16.—The Misses Anna and Mary Chapman, 203 North Soto; luncheon for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 17.—Harvard School students; dance at Cumnoek Hall.

February 17.—Charity Ball at Hotel Green, Pasadena.

February 21.—Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, 7 Chester Place; card party for Miss Eva Metcalf.

February 18.—Miss Annis Van Nuys; tea at the Country Club.

Engagements.

B. Sieroty to Miss Leah Young of San Francisco.

John Kiefer to Miss Albertina M. Wardwell of Pasadena. Dr. W. H. Hall of Butte, Mont., to Mrs. Purden Smith Miller.

M. D. Schoenfeld of San Francisco to Miss Anna V. Weiner.



On the Stage and Off

The nearest approach to the British "pantomime," the Christmas delight of our English cousins for several generations, that has ever been seen in Los Angeles has been drawing large houses to the Mason this week. "Mother Goose" is a splendid production, and all the epithets of spectacular glory have already been exhausted by the reviewers of the daily press. "Mother Goose" has been a joy to young and old, and if you haven't already taken the children to see its glories, by all means avail yourself of the remaining opportunities.

"Held by the Enemy," one of the best of the war plays, has been crowding the Burbank, while Belasco's patrons have been reveling in the fun of "Are You a Mason?" The Orpheum's bill this week is thoroughly entertaining, the work of the wonderful Nelson family of acrobats being the most prominent feature. Sisieretta Jones, better known as the "Black Patti," and a company of colored fun-makers, are repeating their success of a year ago at the Grand.

The highest praise is given to J. M. Barrie's new play, "Peter Pan," produced recently at the Duke of York Theater, London. It is a children's play that appeals to adults as well—a delightfully humorous, whimsical, fanciful and altogether unhackneyed production, full of fun, frolic and surprises. Briefly, it details the adventures of three sleeping children who are visited by Peter Pan. Arrayed in cobwebs and autumn leaves he flies in, gives the children the power to fly, and takes them away. They go to "Never-never-never Land," a wonderful region in the center of the earth, where they become acquainted with Esquimos, Indians, and pirates. The latter capture them, and just as they are to be compelled to "walk the plank," Peter Pan again appears, rescues them, and takes them home in safety.

A New York exchange's London correspondent writes of the play:

So full of tenderness is it, so free is the flight of whimsical fancy, that there does not seem ever to have been a real drama for the little people before. He takes their story books about fairies, redskins, pirates, and grotesque animals, and weaves a simple fantasy out of the substance of their dreams; and when it is done the middle-aged spinsters and the veterans with gray hair enjoy it as much as the children themselves.

The London Mail says that it is "the amazing freedom of fancy that is the precious thing about 'Peter Pan.' Also, it contains 'a message, first and last, to the mothers * * * who will like to fancy, sometimes, that the children they have lost have only flown with Peter Pan through the nursery window, and will, perhaps, fly back some day.'" The London Express says that "the piece is a triumph in its universal appeal."

John Drew, writing in Harper's Weekly, tells the following story of the late Mrs. Gilbert:

During one of our visits to California, while we were at Monterey, Mrs. Gilbert was very anxious to

take a drive. The party in the carriage consisted of herself, Augustin Daly, his brother Judge Daly, and myself. While we were driving along a cliff, Mrs. Gilbert, who loved flowers as she did everything beautiful in nature, espied a little plant—some species of California edelweiss, perhaps, bearing white blossoms and growing just over the edge of a sheer descent of rocks. Nothing would satisfy "grandma" but its possession, and for us what "Grandma" Gilbert wanted she must have. Having no apparatus for scaling the cliff, I balanced myself over the edge while the Judge and Mr. Daly held tightly on to my legs. But the flower was still beyond reach. "Pay out more leg!" I called. They did so, with such startling unanimity that their grasp slipped, and they nearly let me go down what seemed to me a mile of rock descent. I secured the flower, and was finally hauled back, but the assorted possessions of all my pockets—coins, keys, etc.—went forever to the bottom of the precipice—at least, so far as I ever knew.

Conried's grand opera company leaves New York on its tour March 6. It will be in San Francisco from April 5 to 16, and here April 17 and 18. The women singers of the company will be Sembrich, Nordica, Fremstad, Homer, Walker and Alten, and the male singers will be Caruso, Scotti, Geraldini, Plancon, Dippel, Van Rooy, Burgstaller and Elossi. Three conductors, Vigna, Hertze and Franko, will travel with the company.

The Henry W. Savage grand opera company, which comes to the Mason Opera House this month, has among its singers Joseph Sheehan, the high-C tenor; Winifred Goff, the baritone; Gertrude Rennyson, soprano; Marion Ivell, contralto; William Wegener, the Wagner tenor; Jean Lane Brooks, Rita Newman, Arthur Deane, Francis J. Boyle, Harrison W. Bennett and many others. Winifred Goff, the baritone, will be remembered here as a great favorite with the Jules Grau Company at the Burbank some four or five years ago.

Blanche Bates expected to play in the Empire Theater, Portland, Ore., but the Syndicate secured the theater and it was closed against her. It was expected she would have to play in the Armory, but George Baker, the Syndicate representative, made an active fight against this. Finally Mr. Belasco secured the Lyric, a small vaudeville house. To be fitted for "The Darling of the Gods" it had to be torn down and its stage rebuilt especially for the production within fourteen days. Miss Bates played in Portland this week.

George Ade will write a new play for production by Henry W. Savage. Just before he sailed for Porto Rico he signed a contract agreeing to write a play, to be called "The Second Time on Earth." This means that Mr. Ade will continue to write plays for Mr. Savage. "I have had 'The Second Time on Earth' in mind for a long time," said Mr. Ade, before sailing. "It will be a comedy of modern life and will be strictly American. The principal character will represent a millionaire who has a wayward son. The youth, in order to get possession of his father's fortune, has the old man committed to a sanitarium. After a time the old man obtains his

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freedom, and it develops that his sojourn in the sanitarium has rejuvenated him completely." It will be produced early next season.

A new version of "Faust" was given recently in Tokio and is now making the tour of the principal cities of Japan. The author, a Japanese playwright, closely stuck to the personality of Faust and Marguerite in his new play, but the Japanese Mephistopheles is represented as an Occidental devil, a modern European, who by his perversity has succeeded in betraying the fair daughter of the Rising Sun. At last Marguerite is absolved by her judges with the caution, which forms the moral of the play, never more to have deals with Occidental devils, and is married to a triumphant warrior just returning from the war in Manchuria.

Charles Frohman says he has made contracts with George Horace Lorimer and Paul M. Potter for a dramatization of "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" and "Old Gorgon Graham," the play to be called "Old Gorgon Graham," and to be ready for production next season. Frohman's list of plays by American authors for next season is announced to include one for William H. Crane by George H. Broadhurst and C. T. Dazey, and called "That American;" one by William Gillette, in which Mr. Gillette will appear, and one by Augustus Thomas on American life and character after the style of "The Other Girl" and "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots."

Trusty Tips to Theatregoers

Mason.—Joseph Jefferson, Jr., and William W. Jefferson commence a three-nights' engagement next Monday evening in "The Rivals." Theatregoers are guaranteed an able representation of this famous old comedy.

Thursday evening Florence Roberts commences an engagement of six nights and two matinees. Her bill for the first half of the engagement will be "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and for the last three nights "Marta of the Lowlands." Melbourne MacDowell is Miss Roberts's leading man this season.

Morosco's Burbank.—Everyone is interested in Russia just now, and Manager Morosco has made a timely selection for his stock company in reviving the powerful melodrama "Darkest Russia." H. S. Duffield has staged the play over fifty separate times and knows every word and line in it. His natural talent in the art of stagecraft, combined with an experience gained through long acquaintance with the piece, promises to make the production one of the most attractive offered this season.

Belasco's.—The stock company and the public will see with regret the last of the roaring farce "Are You a Mason?" Sunday night, and on Monday will return to the realm of romantic drama, in which Miss Gardner, Mr. Galbraith and their clever colleagues have achieved their most signal successes. "The Prisoner of Zenda," like good wine, improves with age, and should be given admirable performance by the stock company.

Orpheum.—Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, the best of all sketch producers, and universal favorites, will appear next week in Cressy's latest and most original one-act comedy, entitled "Town Hall Tonight." Mr. Cressy's character is that of Hip Flitters, the janitor, stage manager, stage carpenter, manager, property man, electrician, bill poster, treasurer and pianist of the Town Hall. Binns, Binns and Binns, who are primarily musicians and secondarily comedians, and who are known as "the vagabonds," promise a unique entertainment. Alcide Capitaine, "the perfect woman," who created a sensation on her last appearance here, will present the gymnastic and trapeze act that has won her fame on two continents. The Great Thereses will present "an act that must be seen to be appreciated," in which acrobatics and hypnotism are combined.

Grand.—The perennial "Ole Oleson," the quaint comedy drama, in which Gus Heege first made theater patrons acquainted with the Swedish-American type of character, will be the bill next week, with the distinguished actor, Ben Hendricks, at the head of a capable company.

On Monday evening, at Simpson Auditorium, the "Sage of East Aurora" will dissertate upon Roycroft ideals and their relation to the problems of modern life. Hubbard comes to Los Angeles practically assured of one of the largest audiences of the season, as his appearance here, contracted under the management of Blanchard & Venter, was only arranged after the earnest request of many anxious people. As a speaker he is known almost as well as by his writings. He shuns the dry and formal paths of oratory and clings to the narrative in its most human, most sympathetic, most humorous and most convincing form.

Stars, et al,

Sir Henry Irving announces that he will never play "Hamlet" again. What a pity Ben Greet won't do likewise.

Israel Zangwill, who arrived in New York last week, attended a special performance of his play, "The Children of the Ghetto," in Yiddish, at the People's Theater.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has so far recovered from her accident that she expects to return to New York next week and begin rehearsal in other parts than "The Sorceress."

Ada Rehan and her company, in "The School for Scandal," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Country Girl," begin a two weeks' engagement at the Liberty Theater, New York, next week.

James Metcalfe, dramatic critic of Life, although presenting tickets which the management of Daly's Theater acknowledged to be good, was barred out of that house. It is said that Metcalfe will sue for damages.

Sir Charles Wyndham, at the Lyceum, New York, has revived Henry Arthur Jones's "The Case of Rebellious Susan," described as "just naughty enough to make you laugh, and just nice enough to make you forget its naughtiness."

It is reported from London that Louis N. Parker is rewriting his play, "The Cardinal," so that the dominating role will be the female part, which is to be taken by Mrs. Russ Whytall, an American actress, a member of Willard's company.

"Why do so many actors insist on playing Shakespeare?" "I suspect," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "that it's because they can take all the credit if they succeed, and blame the public's lack of literary taste if they fail."—Washington Star.

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In the Musical World

Inability to attend either the Mantelli Operatic Concert or the inexcusable Gamble contretemps precludes any notice of these affairs. From the same cause this week's notes must assume a general commentary character.

Mr. Ernest Gamble may have had some good reason for disappointing an audience simply because payment in advance was refused. But I doubt it. No reputable manager could possibly consent to be suspected and publicly held up by itinerant concert companies which have nothing in the world to recommend them save the influence of the agency that provides their audience and practically makes their tours possible. Had I been in Mr. Venter's place, and even rejoicing, like the three jolly, jolly sailor boys, in a pocket full of money, I would certainly have given an icy quietus to any such tactics as those adopted by Mr. Gamble.

Salt Lake City is getting chesty. J. J. McClellan, the clever young organist of the Tabernacle, writes to the Musical Courier that his city "possesses an organ of 115 stops, modern in every way, a Tabernacle choir of 350 voices, a symphony orchestra, two bands, several orchestras, and as much latent and developed musical talent as can be found in any city west of Chicago."

Well, now, really this is something like—especially when the splendid character of Director Evan Stephens' choral work is rightly estimated.

But, my dear Mr. McClellan, you should cross the desert and see what we are doing here. We have no such organ and no such choir, it is true, but the Congregational Church has a fine instrument of about half your size, and Christ Church is duplicating it—making a lamentable mistake the while in dividing it east and west.

We, too, have a Symphony Orchestra, and have had for eight years. Then (listen!) we boast a real Italian Band—Ellery's famous fifty. Ha, ha! have we not you on the hip in this? Other bands galore travel around in advertisement-decorated street cars the live long day, and orchestras jostle each other at every street corner.

Then we can certainly take no second place in the matter of developed talent. Every vacant choir position finds scores clamoring for a hearing, and finished concert singers stand in line to snatch the first open Auditorium date.

But it is in latent talent that we are strongest of all. Not a maid lives who is not destined for undying vocal or pianistic fame. Not a business youth who is not a Caruso in embryo—for have not his friends told him so?

No, no, my dear McClellan, it will not do. You may have a chatty little flock of magpies pluming themselves for a larkish metamorphosis; but with us every goose is a swan and every swan bears a Lo-hengrin en route to Conried.

This foreign celebrity which is rushing in upon us is beginning to turn our head.

The Dubuque Enterprise prints our extended Musin criticism in full, and the Musical Courier of

New York has a generous quotation in its Chicago letter. The introductory phraseology is altogether too flattering for mention—for we, my good editor and I, are of a modest disposition, and shy withal.

Nevertheless, gentlemen, we thank you—my good editor and I.

I wonder whether Mrs. A. Wedmore Jones, of San Francisco, means this for me. If so, I not only think it distinctly unkind but feel much hurt:

"It has come to my ears during the past week that certain busybodies have been known to assert that some of the artists receiving favorable mention in the San Francisco letter wrote their own criticisms. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the principles of the San Francisco correspondent, I wish to say that no word ever goes into the San Francisco letter that is not written by the San Francisco correspondent, nor has it ever been otherwise. It seems needless that I should be obliged to declare myself honorable after this method, but 'the fool-killer has not been round lately.'"

Quite so. I do not doubt for one moment that this is literally true. But it does not cover the point at issue. Mrs. Wedmore Jones gave a highly eulogistic account of our Apollo Club "Messiah"—though she did not hear it.

It must, then, be one of two things: Either Mrs. Wedmore Jones indulged in gratuitous guessing—a course which I am sure she would not pursue—else a Los Angeles correspondent supplied the commendatory data. The latter was, of course, the case; but I quite fail to see why Mrs. Jones is so anxious to mother the foundling.

This, apropos of Kreisler, one of the two violinists now arousing critical New York, is taken from the Evening Sun:

Kreisler was one day talking in the lobby of the Hotel Breslin with one of his long-haired colleagues when they were approached by a dirty-faced news-boy.

"Here," said Kreisler, offering the boy a dime, "go get your face washed."

"Keep it," replied the boy, "and have your hair cut."

Little Franz von Vecsey, the latest violin wonder, seems to have really achieved the phenomenal success expected in New York. The Sun critic is almost alone in voicing any seriously dissentient tone, although the World and Times rather impugn the purity of the boy's intonation.

The dietum of the Sun is extremely interesting, if only for the novel way of putting a self-evident truth: "Vecsey has learned that if you draw a bow back and forth in certain ways and work the fingers of your left hand correctly on the fingerboard, the thing comes out right, and the stunt is done." Of course. What of it? This much. Every violinist

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knows it, and yet not one in a thousand can do the stunt. But, because little Veesy knows it, and moreover does it, the Sun man pounces on the lad and proclaims him a parrot.

This is pretty queer logic. If we know a thing and cannot do it we are of the common herd! If we know a thing and can do it we are parrots! The greater probability is that the Sun critic started out to do something different and got kidnapped on the corner by the Noble Army of Cranks.

A New York swell gives a musicale and gets 142 inches of space. The Boston Symphony Orchestra gives a Gotham concert and is accorded 38 inches. Thank goodness our sturdy Western horse sense spares us any such crass foolishness as this.

I don't believe it. They say that at St. Saviour's School, Southwark (London), one of the teachers, having occasion to complain of the apathy at a singing lesson, announced, "Let us now sing 'Little Drops of Water,' and please put some spirit into it." Fudge! Why, the English are so temperate, you know, that the implied suggestion would have floated lazily and unrecognized out of the window and gone crying for a Yankee.

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For example. You see, all the usual conversational matter must be sung—not, of course, to the old, old Do, Re, Mi, formula, but to the usual golf text: Hoot Mon Brown would lullabyise on "Dear Me!" when a topped ball went to sleep in the baranca. Other people would declaim other things—just in keeping with the picturesqueness of their vocabulary. And so on.

But, really now, are not these artificial aids to mental acquirement altogether too foolish?

Edwin H. Lockhart, who will be well remembered here, is making a capital stand in New York, both as

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singer and teacher. One of his pupils goes at once into Conreid German opera work, and her teacher claims that her voice has been built practically from nothing. In fact, Mr. Lockhart asserts that, "given a normal throat and vocal organs, he can teach anyone to sing, if they have patience and perseverance." This may be so, but it strikes me as a pretty large order—even for so capable and optimistic a musician as my young friend has proved himself to be.

Glorious Schumann-Heink continues her prodigious success in comic opera. Everybody rejoices, for everybody loves the genial, whole-souled woman. And yet—it seems almost sad that so consummate an artist should step down from the topmost heights to the funnyisms of a German washerwoman.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

Financial

George A. Beaton & Co. have incorporated in Nogales, Arizona, to deal in stock and bonds and other securities. The capital stock is \$1,500,000. Incorporators are John R. Turner, Basking Ridge, N. J.; Kenneth K. McLaren, 139 Clifton Place, Jersey City, N. Y.; Louis B. Daily, 40 Sanford st., East Orange, N. M., et. al.

A bank is to be established in Venice, the new Ocean Park suburb which is springing up like a plant in the night. The bank building is to be 42 x 94 feet in size, two stories in height and of Moorish design.

The First National Bank of Anaheim has awarded a contract to Graham & Eaton of Los Angeles to remodel the Metz Block, which was purchased for new headquarters for that institution. The block is on the corner of Los Angeles and Center streets, and when the change is made the bank will have one of the best equipped rooms in the State, being modeled after the Southern California Savings banking room in Los Angeles. The furniture and inside fixtures will be of mahogany, the front doors will be copper faced and in the north corner of the main banking room is to be a large waiting room for ladies. Two of the largest burglar-proof vaults in Southern California will be in the rear. The improvements and new fixtures will cost between \$24,000 and \$25,000.

Bonds

Monrovia.—At a mass meeting of the Citizens of Monrovia they indorsed the following proposed issue of bonds. For the purpose of a building for City Hall or ground for erection of such a building, \$10,000; purchase of fire apparatus, \$2000; site for a library, \$1000; purchase of water bearing lands, \$15,000; grounds for a city park, \$6000. The balance of the issue, \$26,000 for improvements in machinery and pipe line repairs, was not passed upon. The Board proposed to apply \$5000 to redeem the meters owned by citizens and for furnishing new meters to customers. This was disapproved by the mass meeting.

In order to provide for new equipment and extensions on account of increasing business, the Potosi and Rio Verde Railway Company of Mexico has authorized the sale through George D. Cooke & Co. of New York, of \$100,000 first mortgage 20 year six per cent. gold bonds. They are the unsold portion of the issue authorized at \$15,000 per mile and are dated October 1st, 1918, interest payable October 1 and April 1st, at the New York office of the company. The railroad company owns and operates a narrow guage railroad and sale of bonds is to cover the expenses of laying additional track to mines and in purchase of ore cars.

A movement has been started in San Bernardeas to favor the issue of \$25,000 in bonds to build a city hall and jail. Leading taxpayers and banks oppose the issue, but the City Trustees declare they cannot secure proper quarters at reasonable rents.

The \$40,000 issue of the San Pedro High School bonds has been sold.

Preliminary drawings are being prepared for a town hall to be built in Santa Ana. It will be

necessary to vote \$50,000 issue of bonds first.

At a meeting of the Bisbee, Arizona, Public School Board the matter of additional school facilities came up for discussion. The Board is in favor of an issue of \$50,000 for a new building. A proposition will be presented to the people of Bisbee for the issue of bonds for about \$15,000 to build a city hall and provide quarters for a paid fire department.

The Alsacia Mining Co., whose property is located 30 miles from Cananea, will do further development work, pending a meeting of the directors of the company, which will be held in Bisbee, early next month, at which meeting it is proposed to authorize the issue of bonds to erect a reduction plant on the property.

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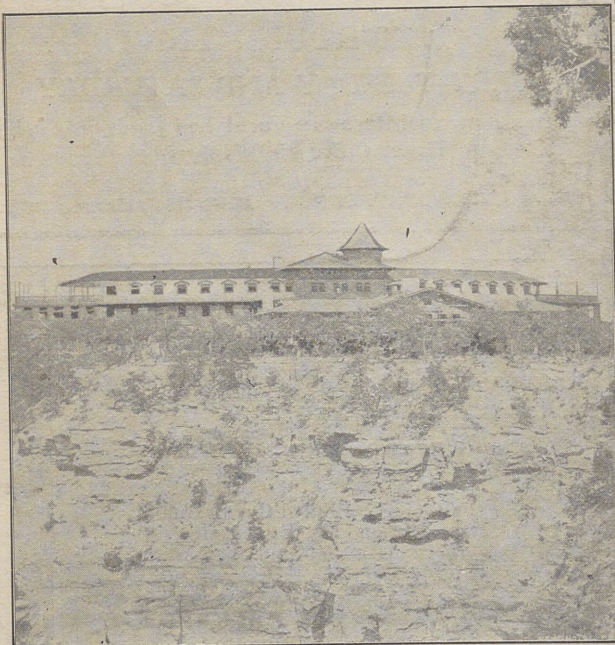
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